

ALICE CRAIG'S MISTAKES.

Alice Craig married at seventeen. At that age she was a peculiarly simple and child-like girl. She had been bred in the retirement of the country by a maiden aunt, who, dying when Alice had reached the age of sixteen, had bequeathed to the child a handsome fortune. At her aunt's death Alice returned to the home of her parents, which she had left at the age of three years.

The family consisted of her father, a thoughtless, extravagant man, endowed with remarkable social powers, and living in a circle so much above his own status, in point of wealth, that he was always embarrassed by his efforts to retain his footing among them; her step-mother, who, twelve years before, had been an exceedingly pretty bride, but was now a faded, hopeless invalid, tyrannized over by several loaded voices, dirty children, that completed the inharmoonious household.

Alice was decidedly uncomfortable, though with but a vague knowledge of the cause. And it was by no means wonderful that when her father presented to her a suitor from his own circle—a man skilled in the arts by which those of the world know how to commend themselves to women—a handsome, polished man, that she should, after a little maidenly reluctance and hesitation, accept the offer so warmly urged.

Her husband, a man many years older than herself, had few tastes in common with her. He was essentially a worldly man, living on the world's applause, his highest standard of right, public opinion. In the early days of his acquaintance with Alice, and of his marriage, her simplicity, her genuine religious faith, possessed for him a piquant charm. This vanished, however as might have been expected, the moment it interfered with his plans. The standard of right by which Alice guided her life was the Bible—a very different one from her husband's. He looked only to the approval of man. She looked with awe to a higher source, and sought her guidance there.

Mr. Craig was a gentleman; he could not quarrel with a woman. So, when there were conflicting views between himself and wife, he showed his disapproval by contemptuous silence, or by a few severely sarcastic allusions, and then left her to herself.

Alice had never loved her husband. The fountains of her heart had remained unstirred, and though she bore this treatment fearfully, there was not that rankling sting which it would have left in a loving soul. She knew little of life from observation, and at length she came to comfort herself with the idea that the gradual separation of interests, never very firmly united, for they had not been welded at the furnace of love, was inevitable, and an experience common to all.

Thus in all the years of their married life, Mr. Craig went his own worldly way, and Alice went hers alone, with only her sweet child to soothe and cheer her. Jasper was twelve years of age when a little brother was born to him, to his delight, and to add to the mother's comfort, under the almost entire alienation of her husband.

Mr. Craig had by this time almost entirely deserted his home, living with a set of dissolute men much younger than himself, who welcomed him, perhaps, more for his reckless expenditure of money, than from any fraternal feeling. Alice had no longer influence over him. She feared him almost as much as she despised him, and gladly turned to the solace afforded by her children.

Alice was traveling with her children when summoned to the death-bed of her husband. She returned hurriedly, to find the house closed, while in a darkened room the old man lay slowly breathing out his life. He had been stricken down in the midst of his excesses, and now lay, his bloated face surrounded by its fringe of white hair, bereft of its florid hue, and more pallid than the pillow on which it rested. The only words he spoke were a feeble complaint of Alice's absence, no farewell to her, no dying message to his children, no solemn words to reunite, on the verge of the grave, those long diverging lives. He passed away, and Alice was a widow, but not more in heart than she had been during many years of estrangement.

Alice was happier during the year that followed her husband's death than she had been since she left her childhood's home. But on going into society she unfortunately fell in love with one several years younger than herself.

Alice was still beautiful. She had preserved the child-like innocence of expression that was the index of her unaltered soul, and when she stood at the altar with Lawrence Clephane, the difference in their years was scarcely apparent. Only for the tall youth, with a deep sadness on his face, who stood behind her, her son Jasper, no one would have deemed her a woman already within the shadows of middle age.

Alice drank deeply of the cup of

joy for a little time. Lawrence Clephane did not weary at once of his bride. He had been flattered by her preference, and had felt it a triumph to win one so universally admired as Alice had been on her re-entrance into society. He had really loved her very much, but not so much that he was not jealous of Jasper's devotion to her, and her own great fondness for her son.

This was the entering wedge of discontent. Lawrence Clephane and Jasper could never be friends. Jasper would not treat the man he looked upon as an intruder, and who was but six years his senior, as a father, and Lawrence was jealous of every caress that passed between this loving son and devoted mother. Too late Alice regretted the hasty step she had taken. She strove diligently to promote peace between the two so deeply loved, but in vain. There were elements of discord beyond her power to tame.

In the strife of feeling and the deep anxiety she suffered, her beauty faded and her health declined. Lawrence Clephane had perhaps seen his mistake before, and he wanted a pretext for desertion. This furnished him one, and gladly leaving his invalid wife to the society of her sons, he plunged into the vortex of society and dissipation.

Arrived at such a state, things could hardly fail to go from bad to worse. Lawrence Clephane was drawn daily more deeply into the vortex upon whose brink he had set his wandering feet. Alice pined at home and Jasper nourished his fierce displeasure as he watched her pining cheek and saw the white strand stealing through her golden curls. And soon, as in her former marriage, Alice found her sole comfort in her sons.

Lawrence Clephane became a confirmed drunkard, and at length only visited his home for the purpose of obtaining those sums of money with which Alice never refused to supply him. It was during one of these visits some ten years after their marriage, that the terrible event occurred which forms the catastrophe of this brief sketch.

Lawrence, after an absence of many weeks, had suddenly appeared at his home, shabby in attire, and weary and worn from long wanderings, or protracted orgies. He came, as usual, with no words of affection, but with a demand for fresh supplies. Alice was alone. An habitual invalid, she remained now almost constantly in the seclusion of her own apartment. She heard the uncertain footstep of her husband on the stair, and his voice speaking to a servant, and she arose and closed the door between her apartment and that where Edwin, a feeble boy of fifteen, sat reading, that he might not witness the dreaded interview.

By Jasper's advice she had resolved to be less liberal in her supplies to Lawrence Clephane, and to make their continuance conditional on the performance of some business, and more creditable ways of living. And she summoned all her courage for the dreaded ordeal.

Edwin, shuddering in the closed room beyond, heard fierce words from Lawrence Clephane, and his mother's gentler tones, now and then broken by sobs. At length the altercation grew louder on the part of the infuriated man, and the boy could bear it no longer. He entered the room just as Lawrence Clephane lifted his hand to deal a blow upon his wife's pale, uplifted cheek. The sight was too much for the boy, with a ferocity very foreign to his gentle nature, he sprang upon the maddened wretch. A desperate hand-to-hand struggle ensued. The combatants made their way out of the room, and Jasper Craig, who had been hurriedly summoned from his office by the affrighted servants, entered the hall in time to receive in his arms the senseless form of his brother, which Lawrence Clephane had hurled with giant strength from the landing above.

Hastily transferring his bundle to other arms, he rushed up stairs, and confronted the intruder. He had retreated to his wife's room, and, seizing her fiercely by the arm, was ordering her, with the most fearful threats, to comply with his demand for the large sum which was needed then, in some emergency of his vile life, to save him from utter ruin. Thus Jasper found him, and, exasperated beyond all power of control, he struck the blow that made him henceforth in his own eyes, a murderer. With all the energy of his hate and revenge the young man's clenched hand fell upon Lawrence Clephane's temple: he fell heavily to the ground, and, with scarce a parting breath, went to his account.

There was an inquest, of course, and while Mrs. Clephane and her son Edwin lingered at the gates of death, in consequence of the injuries and excitement of that fatal scene, Jasper Craig had surrendered himself to abide the decision of the law, to be branded as a felon, or to bear only the stings of unavailing remorse through life, for the deed done in defense of his beloved mother.

Sympathy of the public was all on

his side; he had done a gallant deed women said, and men, with clenched hands, vowed they would have done no less. And so he was set free, the medical testimony proving a long standing disease of the heart, and a preternatural excitement of the brain, either of which through some sudden shock, might have caused the sudden and awful death of Lawrence Clephane.

Alice Clephane never rose from her bed of sickness, but lived scarcely a month after the death of her husband. And Edwin rose from his, only to pace with slow strides, and by the aid of an attendant, the room which was henceforth to bound his external world. He was lame for life, and that life, though not long preserved, was one of hopeless suffering from the injuries received in his struggle with Lawrence Clephane.

Jasper Craig justified by all the world, yet bore in his soul the ever present sting of conscience, branding him a murderer. But for his advice, the terrible collisions of that day would have been avoided. Money might, perhaps, have purchased the perpetual absence of his mother's tormentor; she might have still lived peaceful, if not happy, and Edwin's bounding aspirations, unchecked by his fearful fate, might have led him on to the proudest summit of fame. And thus the sad mistakes of Alice Craig's life, after wasting its fairest flowers of hope, destroying herself, and all but one of those who had mingled its later scenes, perpetuated themselves in a fearful heritage of regret and remorse that he must bear, faint with the heavy burden, to the grave, which only can set him free.

MAYNE REID IN MEXICO.

How He Gallantly Led the Forlorn Hope at Chapultepec.

J. T. Trowbridge in November St. Nicholas.

The castle of Chapultepec, commanding the great road to Mexico, was successfully stormed by our troops on the 13th of September, 1847. Reid was in command of the grenadier company of New York volunteers and a detachment of United States marines, with orders to guard a battery which they had thrown up. The morning of the 13th was fixed for the assault. The batteries were ordered to cease firing at 11 o'clock, and the attack began.

Reid and the artillery officers standing by their guns, watched the advance of the line with intense anxiety, which became apprehension when they saw that about half way up the slope there was a halt. "I know," he says in his account, "that if Chapultepec was not taken neither would the city be, and failing that not a man of us might ever leave the valley of Mexico alive."

Asking leave of the senior engineer officer to join the storming party with his men, he obtained it with the words, "Go, and God be with you!" He was off at once, with his volunteers and marines. After a quick run across the intervening ground, they came up with the storming party under the brow of the hill, where it had halted to wait the scaling ladders. "At this point," says Lieutenant Marshall, of the Fifteenth infantry, the fire from the castle was so continuous and fatal that the men faltered, and several officers were wounded while urging them on. At this moment I noticed Lieutenant Mayne Reid, of the New York volunteers; I noticed him more particularly at the time on account of the very brilliant uniform he wore, he suddenly jumped to his feet, and calling upon those around to follow, and without looking around to see whether he was sustained or not, pushed on almost alone to the very walls."

Reid's action was not so reckless as this account of an eye-witness would make it appear. The outer wall of the castle was commanded by three pieces of cannon on the parapet, which loaded with grape and canister, fearfully decimated the ranks of the Americans at every discharge. To advance seemed certain death. But death seemed equally certain whether the assailants retreated or remained where they were. Such is his explanation of his conduct.

"Men!" he shouted out in a momentary lull of the conflict, "if we don't take Chapultepec the American army is lost! Let us charge up the walls!"

Voices answered: "We will charge if any one will lead us!" "We're ready!"

"Come on!" shouted Capt. Reid, as he bravely leaped over the scarp that had temporarily sheltered them, and made the charge already described. There was no need, he says, to look back to see if he was followed. He knew that his men would not have been there unless prepared to go where he led. About half-way up he saw the parapet crowded with Mexican artillerymen on the point of discharging a volley. He avoided it by throwing himself on his face, receiving only a slight wound in his sword-hand, and

other shot cutting his clothing. Instantly on his feet again, he made for the wall, in front of which he was brought down by a Mexican ounce ball tearing through his thigh. All the testimony goes to show that he was first before the wall of Chapultepec. Reid's lieutenant, Hyppolite Dardenville, a young Frenchman, mounting the scaling ladders with the foremost, tore down the Mexican flag from its staff. Before that, however, Reid was observed by Lieut. Cochrane of the Voltigeurs. Cochrane was pushing for the castle with his men when, before him, scarcely ten yards from the wall, an officer of infantry and a comrade were shot and fell. "They were the only two at the time," he says in his statement, "whom I saw in advance of me on the rock upon which we were scrambling." Teaching the wall, Cochrane ordered two men "to go back a little way and assist the ladders up the hill." As they passed the spot where the wounded officer lay, he raised himself with evident pain and sang out above the din and rattle of musketry, imploring the men to stand firm:

"Don't leave that wall!" he cried, "or we shall all be cut to pieces. Hold on, and the castle is ours!" Cochrane answered to reassure him: "There is no danger, Captain of our leaving this! Never fear!" Then the ladders came, the rush was made and the castle fell.

"The wounded officer," Cochrane continues, "proved to be Lieut. Mayne Reid of the New York volunteers." Lieut. Marshall, to whom we are indebted for that vivid glimpse of the young officer in "his very brilliant uniform," describes the effect produced by the exploit—all those who witnessed or knew of it pronouncing it "without exception the bravest and most brilliant achievement performed by a single individual during the campaign."

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